

THE SATIRIST,

OR,

MONTHLY METEOR.

JULY 1st, 1812.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE SATIRIST has this month changed hands, and new candidates for public support now come forward as the proprietors of this work. That appeal to public generosity which under such circumstances they are obliged to make, it might reasonably be expected would be accompanied by a display of that on which they presume to ground their hopes of future patronage. They freely admit that it might fairly have been expected of them, that greater exertions would have been made than may at first sight appear to have been put forth on the present occasion ; but they have to state, that the confusion, inseparable from such a change as that just mentioned, by which old arrangements are necessarily deranged before new ones can be completed, have made it impossible for them in this number to carry their intentions into effect. For the present, then, they must entreat that the will may be taken for the deed. In another month they

hope to be enabled to extricate themselves from the confusion in which they are at present involved, and then they trust their anxious desire to please will be gratified more than they can flatter themselves it is likely to be in the present number.

The practice of making professions is so stale, and that of *professing* not to make professions is so completely worn out, that let them take what course they may in the present instance, they are much afraid it will not be possible for them to give much promise of novelty. Avoiding Scylla they must fall into Charybdis, unless, more happy than they expect to be, they have the singular good fortune to pass safely between both. Placed in this situation, the most rational course for them to pursue will be to endeavour to sail through the strait as swiftly as possible.—They will therefore only say, on the present occasion, that their future efforts will constantly have for their object VARIETY and NOVELTY. Satire, in conformity with its title, will still be the prevailing feature of the work; but when they say this, they wish it to be distinctly understood, that communications of merit, which may not be of a satirical description, will not be rejected. They hail, as an auspicious omen, the assurances of support which they have already received from a variety of correspondents, and confidently trust that with such aids the Satirist will be found to be a repository of general information, and a permanent fund of rational amusement.

MAL-ADMINISTRATION *of the* SACRAMENT.

SIR,

Nothing has filled me with more horror, relative to the extraordinary behaviour² of Bellingham, than his refusing, to the last, to evince any penitent concern for having embrued his hands in the blood of a man, who (how very apposite to the public and private character of Mr. Perceval are the words of Shakespeare!)

—bore his faculties so *meek* ; who was
So clear in his GREAT OFFICE, that his virtues
Might have pleaded trumpet-tongued
Against the deep DAMNATION of his taking off—

But what shall we say or think, on hearing that, to this hardened and unfeeling miscreant the HOLY COMMUNION was administered!!! Every candidate for the ministry subscribes *ex animo* to all, and every thing, contained in the book of Common Prayer and administration of the Sacraments. Now, Sir, it is expressly enjoined in the Rubric prefixed to the order for the administration of the Eucharist, that, if any be an *open* and *notorious* evil liver, or have *done any wrong* to his neighbours, by word or DEED, he shall *in no wise* be partaker of the Holy Communion *until* he has OPENLY declared himself to have TRULY repented, &c. &c. And that the same order was observed in the primitive and apostolical churches, your readers will see by referring to Dr. Cave's *Primitive Christianity*, Part I. Ch. xi. and to Bishop Bull on the *Branches of the Pastoral Office*, (Vol. III. p. 868). How a confessed impenitent before *men* could join in the

following confession before God, in whose presence he was about to appear, is beyond measure astonishing: "I *acknowledge* and *bewail* my manifold sins and wickedness, which I from time to time most grievously have committed in thought, word, and DEED, against thy Divine Majesty. I do EARNESTLY repent, and am HEARTILY sorry for these my misdoings: the remembrance of them is grievous unto me, the burden of them is INTOLERABLE!"—What a profane mockery, that such a declaration should come from the lips of a man who, to the last, seemed insensible of his guilt! Ought not the language of the minister to have been the same that is prescribed by the authority of that church of which he is a duly constituted member? "Repent you of your sin [*murder*], or else come not to that holy table, lest the Devil enter into you as he entered into Judas, and fill you full of all iniquities."

I remember when Avershaw (*Jerry Avershaw* was this *hero's* designation) was executed on Kennington Common; and, on his way, entertained his old associates with such a display of profane and impious levity as had never, perhaps, before been exhibited, that the newspapers teemed with the most virulent invective against the worthy chaplain, who administered, to so confirmed a reprobate, the Holy Communion. Now, Sir, it happened that I was intimate with the reverend gentleman—his name was *Winkworth*—a man of most exemplary piety, and most indefatigable in the discharge of his sacred duties*.—Calling on him a short time after the occurrence above alluded to, and lamenting that his name should have been so disrespectfully mentioned in

* So was the late ordinary of Newgate, Mr. Vilette. It is devoutly to be wished that none but men of this stamp were appointed to such offices.

the public prints—he replied to the following effect: “Sir, I did indeed administer the Holy Sacrament, as stated, to the abandoned *Avershaw*—but my conscience is perfectly clear on that head. It is not the prerogative of *man* to search the heart. “There is ONE that seeth and judgeth.” To me, the unhappy man appeared truly penitent. I was indeed lost in horror to account for the after-change. *Reason, persuade, preach, censure, terrify*—open the treasures of heaven, and the abysses of hell, he remained insensible! The wretched man at length confessed to me that the direful change had been wrought by *reading the Bible!!!* I was horror-struck at the communication. He pointed to the conclusion of the first chapter of the book of Proverbs—beginning at the 24th verse. “*That passage,*” said he with emphasis, “was pointed by the finger of God at ME. I am the reprobate there depicted to the life.” . . .

I know not, Mr. Satirist, whether you may not think the above article more befitting the *Gospel*, or *Evangelical, Magazines*. Do with it what you please.

Yours, sincerely,

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

JUNE 15th.

We are inclined to think our correspondent is not quite correct in making the comparison which is here insinuated. The character of Mr. Villette has been placed before us in a very unamiable light. A German writer (*De Archenholtz*), in a work called “*A picture of England*,” has given the following story, which, as it is not in itself

uninteresting, we shall give in his own words, and with his own introduction :

“ As I mean, by relating all these events, to give, by facts of undoubted authenticity, a just idea of the present state of the laws in England, and of their execution, I shall cite one instance more, which happened at London, in 1778, and of which, to my great astonishment, I was also witness.

“ A young man, about twenty years of age, was condemned to death on the evidence of a highwayman who accused him of having assisted at a robbery. His bad character and the testimony of the highwayman in the court, accompanied with other necessary proofs, convinced the jury that he was guilty. The unhappy young man was consequently with other criminals drawn on a cart to Tyburn. With the cord about his neck he remained for one hour, according to the permission of the laws, under the gibbet. During this hour it is permitted to the criminal to address the people, and to say what he pleases ; even though he should utter treason against the throne, or instigate the people to rebellion, no one has a right to stop his mouth. It was thought that humanity dictated this compassionate lenity to a being about to be sent to another world by a violent death. There are, indeed, many who find in this awful moment a certain pleasure in propagating the sentiments which they have cherished. Lord Lovat, who after the Scotch rebellion died on the scaffold, took advantage of this privilege. He declared that George II. had no right to the throne, that it belonged to James III. and concluded by affirming that it was with pleasure he had an opportunity of shedding his blood for his lawful king.

“ The young man I am talking of made no speech, but waited in trembling anxiety for the last moment of his life. It was already arrived, and all the necessary preparations finished, when his accuser turning to the Ordinary of Newgate, who was called *Villette*, and who by his office is obliged to accompany criminals to Tyburn, he solemnly declared to him that the poor young man was innocent, and that a spirit of revenge alone had led him to give false evidence in order to take away his life. This declaration shocked all the spectators : but *Villette*, accustomed to those sort of scenes, answered coldly, that it was not now time to retract. The people, however, began to murmur, and some persons of distinction addressed themselves to the Under Sheriff, who in the absence of the Sheriff filled his place. This person, who had not heard the declaration made by the highwayman, had already given the fatal signal ; already the whip was lifted to lash away the horses from under the gibbet, already the cries of the unhappy men resounded in the ears of the by-standers,

whose hearts they filled with horror, when suddenly there was a loud cry of 'Halt.' It was represented to the Under Sheriff how barbarous it would be to make an innocent person suffer. The emotion of this good man was as great as his embarrassment, for the case was new. All were agreed that the young man ought not to be executed with the other criminals; the *cruel Villette* alone maintained that nothing could save him, for the laws do not give to the Sheriff the power of suspending the time of execution, even for a quarter of an hour. The Under Sheriff knew the law, and the representations of Villette but too well reminded him of his melancholy duty. He was just about to order the execution to proceed, when the chief of the constables addressed him in the following words: "In the name of God, Sir, is it possible that you will give your consent to the death of an innocent person?" "What can I do, what ought I to do?" answered the other. "If you will delay the execution," said the constable, "I will this instant mount my horse, and endeavour to find the King!" He in fact departed without listening to the *cruel pleasantries* of Villette, who said that the issue of this embassy would be as fruitless as it was ridiculous.

"Four other persons had joined themselves to this benevolent embassy, who rode towards the town at full speed. Tyburn is distant from London about two English miles. Upon arriving at the palace, they learned that the King was at Richmond, and all the ministers in the country, as it was in the middle of the summer. They went immediately to the office of the Secretaries of State, hoping to meet there with some persons of consideration, whose advice might be useful in such an emergency; but all the people they met shrugged up their shoulders, and said that the Under Sheriff ought to know well what latitude the laws allowed to the power he was entrusted with. After an absence of an hour and a half, the ambassador returned with this answer, which was good for nothing in such a critical moment. The execution of the other criminals had been all the time suspended. Another council was then held, to the *great displeasure* of Villette, who insisted that the Under Sheriff should give the signal, and threatened him with a *criminal prosecution*, telling him at the same time that the jailor of Newgate would never take back a criminal whom he had already given over to the executioner. But the worthy chief constable made light of this last argument, and continued to address the Under Sheriff, with the most manly eloquence, till he had given the orders the constable wished for. The other eight criminals were executed, and the young man, whom such a joyful deliverance had thrown into a swoon, was conducted back to Newgate. The King, informed of these transactions, granted a pardon to the young man, who a few hours before had stood under the gibbet with a rope about his neck, and now went to rest happy."

and free. The King also pardoned the Under Sheriff, who had assumed a power he was not invested with by right, and the approbation of the whole kingdom was the reward of his firmness. The following verse of Shakspeare was applied to him :

“ In doing a great right he did a little wrong.”

NOTE OF THE SATIRIST.

NEW ACADEMIC EXHIBITION.

MR. SATIRIST,

I OBSERVE that your literary disquisitions tend principally towards an illustration of the *arts*, without paying much attention to the developement of the *sciences*, yet you have not hitherto, like your brother Journalists, given us your opinion, *ex cathedra*, upon our annual exhibitions; I beg leave, therefore, to send you a few criticisms, done “ *con amore*,” which may perhaps amuse some of your present readers, your work not being, like the “ *Reflector*,” intended *solely* for *posterity*. By the by, I cannot help thinking that it would have been a prudent thing in Mr. Hunt to have postponed the *publishing* of it, until *posterity* called for it, and I imagine he begins to think so himself, from the very modest and coquettish puffs in the daily papers, which announce to the *ancestors* of *posterity*, how many good things they may purchase for their great grand-children at the *Examiner Office*. However, he ought to recollect, that a work fit only for *posterior* uses, is not likely to sell at present, whilst the *Examiner* and *Statesman*, and *Cobbett's Regis-*

ter, are printed upon softer paper.—But to our point, Mr. Sat.

No. 377. Portrait of himself. *Lord Ego*.—This may well be called a composition, though the artist has very carefully protruded himself in the fore-ground. The distant view of Hampstead is marked with a kind of careful obscurity (what may be termed a *lawful* “*Chiaro Scuro*”); the little red-headed girl is in *high-keeping*, and the *seal* and *goose* are appropriately emblematic. The expression in the countenance is well *divided*; one eye weeping for the dead goose, the other blinking at the seal which falls off the table; whilst the *brief*, which is attached to the latter, points out the *shortness* of human enjoyments.

No. 472. Cattle watering, with *Hawk's head* in the back ground. *Lord Falcon*.—This dashing composition, which is intended for the large room at Salthill, has a companion, No. 89, which is a near view of *Buxton*. In the first the *town* is picturesque, but seems quite *empty*; and the last is in a pleasing degree of *obscurity*, which, however, seems slightly to disperse, from the dust kicked up by a coach wheel.

No. 241. Fidget, a noted drayhorse. *Samuel Blackbread*, Esq.—This animal is drawn in high action, he kicks at every thing within his reach; but the artist keeps so true to nature, that the spectator, at a glance, may see there is no *blood* in him.

No. 22. Dead game. *Duke of Piccadilly*.—This is a posthumous work of an *amateur*, as natural as the life. This piece, when first drawn, was much admired by the ladies, but has been in so many exhibitions, as to be long since worn out.

No. 84. Portrait of a *Game-keeper*, with a back view of the Cadogan Arms. *John Brown*, Esq.—There is

always a degree of obscurity about the works of this artist, which requires their being brought into a full light, when they appear to be no more than a hasty outline, with a great deal of daubing.

No. 85. A *Gleaner* returning home. *Same artist.* A companion to the foregoing.—This gleaner appears at first to have been a successful one, as he is *loaded*, but, on a close examination, his burden is merely straw, as the artist has scuffled in his deeper shades without discrimination or adherence to truth. His companion, who, by her large book, seems to be daughter to the parish *Clarke*, is placed in a true light, and *drawn with great judgment*; this part of the production is, however, attributed to another painter, an *attorney* by profession, but who practises a good deal in this way. There is but little ingenuity displayed in the grouping, and the shade from the Martello Towers produces no effect whatever. A venerable banker paid a large sum for *this piece*, being taken with the female figure, but when he had possession, did not know what to do with it, but laid it undisturbed in his bed-room. He immediately parted with it, and now wishes for a bust only, having no longer any occasion for a full length.

No. 140. Sun breaking through a mist. H. R. H. D. Y.—a military sketch, which has long been esteemed, but unfortunately having got into bad hands was apparently damaged. It is now cleaned, the dirt having been easily shook off without any injury to the painting, and is restored to its proper place.

No. 216. Design for an entrance into the Treasury. *Lord Flanders.*

No. 217. Ditto. Ditto. *Lord Broadbottom.*—These are two models upon a new plan, by two artists who had

been jointly called in, but whose designs seem to have had objects totally different in view. We do not think that either have been successful in their attempts, nor can we look forward to their future success, with such a jumble of inconsistencies in their plans. In one thing they have agreed, to open a new door taken from St. Peter's at Rome; but in the first the door is thrown wide open, whilst the second artist has thrown in, though very unskilfully, a sort of *stumbling-block*, which merely produces confusion at the entrance without being any kind of hindrance to the admission of improper persons.

No. 65. Design for a new Front to a piece of ancient architecture. *By the Countess of Whiskerandos*.—The wings being *rough-cast*, have a very uncouth appearance, and the front is too flimsy to conceal the ravages of time. In short, this artist is little better than a *plaisterer*; yet the design may perhaps catch some Irish bricklayer, who, after erecting his scaffolding, may find himself unequal to the job.

No. 45. Flounder-fishing. *Lord Blue*.

No. 46. Ditto. *S. Blackbread*.

It is a curious fact that these two artists (who, however, are not Royal Academicians), though living in *different houses*, began each to paint an assassin at the same time. In this neither of them succeeded, and finding they could not produce the desired effect, they sketched a hook and line, and each brought out a piece of *Flounder Fishing*!

No. 617. Portraits in a wooden frame. *Thomas Torris, Esq.*—These are full lengths, and have been some time expected at the exhibition, having been long in preparation. They represent the Botley Deserter; the Upholsterer's Son; Colonel Guardmount in a *brown study*; *St. Peter in vinculis*, from the Lincoln collection;

Corporation Timber, Esq.; Farrington Dowlas, Esq.; and the *Isleworth Crimp*, who produced so many recruits lately for the *Antipodes*.

No. 80. The gold green *Humming-bird*. *Mary Anne*. —This piece was once much admired, but it has lost its colour, and is not worth repairing. Its frame is gone, and the Hanging Committee ought in justice to have placed it in the before-mentioned grouse of heads, No. 617.

Yours, &c.

A STUDENT.

ON A CERTAIN GREAT PATRIOT'S GREAT NOSE.

THE history of Frank's mighty nose I will give.
When first it was settled this hero should live,
Her clay Nature took up to fashion an ass,
When, some how or other, it happen'd, alas!
Thro' hurry, thro' anger, thro' doubts, or thro' fears,
She gave to his nose what she meant for his ears.

AN EYE WITNESS.

THE

LOVER'S ADDRESS TO TIME.

I.

I'LL tell you what, Time,—if I now had a scourge,
With which I could follow you thro' your dull track,
Your steps to a something like speed I would urge,
And stripes without mercy inflict on your back,
And I would so deeply lay on the keen lash,
Your writhings all scorning, deriding your groans,
That forward with desperate speed you should dash,
And smarting, your limbs strain, to save your old bones.

II.

Here musing disconsolate, sad and forlorn,
I languish till evening's calm silence returns;
I've sigh'd for it long,—but, alas! still 'tis morn;
And rising, the Sun still insultingly burns.
Its warmth and its brightness no joy to me give;
I faint with its heat, and I prize not its light;
It keeps me from her for whom only I live;
I may not seek Laura before it is night.

III.

D'ye answer—that still fast as ever you go,
Nor pause on your way to Eternity's sea?
D'ye mean to assert that your course is not slow,—
That since you were born it no faster could be?
'Tis false, and you know it,—I'll say it again;—
Honest mem'ry shall tell you, 'tis false to your face;
You stop or go slow when you see me in pain;
When you think I am happy, you quicken your pace.

IV.

In childhood, ere yet I knew sorrow and care,
And joy's purest blossoms each day saw expand,
When tasting of bliss without dreading a snare
The flowers of life seem'd to grow for my hand,
How then did you hurry!—how then did you fly!
Your course then was smooth, but less smooth 'twas
than fleet,
You snatch'd up my playthings, and, mocking my cry,
You trampled my happiness under your feet,

V.

You first told me all which then charm'd me would last,
So bright, so delightful, so fair, so serene,
Nor did I discover before it was past,
How soon I for ever should lose the gay scene,
The dew-drop of bliss, which in life's early day
But glistens a moment before it is lost,
You whisper'd was permanent—would not decay,
Absorb'd by the heat, or congeal'd by the frost.

VI.

Ah, then how resistlessly rapid your course!

How gloomy the void which it left to my sight!

You took what most pleas'd me with ruffian-like force,
And chang'd what you could not bear off in your
flight.

The joys which once gladden'd my path to the tomb,
Lost all which entitled them first to regard,
As the lava Vesuvius heaves from her womb,
Transparent, warm, soft—becomes dull, cold, and hard.

VII.

You answer 'twas *Fancy* alone, and not you,
Who first sent young *Hope* to make fool of my sense;
That anxious I should not wild phantoms pursue,
You open'd my eyes, nor once thought of offence:
Hope and *Fancy* but told of the future gay bloom,
You nurtur'd the bud, which you meant to destroy;
Then giving me knowledge to feel my sad doom,
You took, as the price of your lessons, my joy.

VIII.

D'ye mutter, that now old and feeble you grow
And endeavour to palm it on me as a truth,
'Twere vain to expect you as swiftly can go,
As you formerly did in the days of your youth?
Peace, hypocrite!—blush, ye impostor, for shame!
Hence hoary old rogue, nor attempt to deceive;
Because you now limp just as if you were lame,
Do you think such a tale I am like to believe?

IX.

What all of a sudden thus checks your career?
Say, feel you of palsy, or gout, an attack?
If you say 'tis old age, pr'ythee make it appear;
It's weakness has been coming on some time back.
But late when the rosy god's jovial throng
I join'd, say, did age then your footsteps control?
You fled just as swift, as if youth made you strong,
And tore from my view the convivial bowl.

X.

Nay more, but last night when I clasp'd in my arms
The nymph I adore, and bid care lie at rest,
With envy, as tho' yourself long'd for her charms,
You hasten'd my Laura to tear from my breast.
Were you then lame or old?—Were you then slow in
flight?
New wings from my transports you gain'd, rather say,
To bear off (rich booty !) the amorous night,
Or send to destroy her—her foe, ruffian Day.

XI.

Day appeared like a felon, who drunk, to repose
Had laid himself down; but unable to sleep,
All angry and wild, red and bloated, he rose
To rob those who still fain their couches would keep.
Perhaps tho' I wrong him; the warm feverish glow,
I mark'd as he came, in each orient streak,
Might possibly be (but the fact I don't know)
The *blush* which your malice had brought on his cheek.

XII.

Yes, I think that asham'd of his office he came,
Commanded by you to lift night's sable veil ;
And reason he certainly had to feel shame,
Who the dame could profane, and then publish her
tale.
Night fled with alarm, in disorder and sad,
She fled from the ravisher, wild with despair :
I saw her affliction,—it drove me near mad,
Yet could not relieve it, 'twas mine but to share.

XIII.

The tall nodding sun-flower lifts slowly its head,
When Sol in the morn first illumines the skies,
It mourns that the night and that silence have fled,
And weeps tears of dew, call'd so early to rise :
It turns to the bright orb now flaming on high,
As hoping its grief the Sun's course would restrain ;
So rising, I look'd on light's source with a sigh,
It could not be staid, and my sigh was in vain.

XIV.

'Thus ever when Laura with transport I meet,
Your glass faster runs, and your scythe cuts more
keen,
As fright'ned you hasten to bid us retreat,
And stepping between us, your rage show and spleen.
Unfeeling old churl! and why thus chase our joy ?
Oh, why with such rancour our footsteps pursue ?
We never have plotted your course to annoy,
Indeed we have never had one thought of you.

XV.

If, in truth, you no faster at present can go,
 It must be because you are now out of breath ;
 And your speed, I confess, when I bad you go slow,
 Was almost sufficient to jade you to death.
 But once more exert yourself, fly swift as thought,
 As you flew to distress me, for once fly to please,
 And when you the hour I sigh for have brought,
 Then stop at your leisure, repose at your ease.

XVI.

Do this, and no more at your *hands* I'll require,
 All grief shall be hush'd, all reproach shall be dumb ;
 And hid while from labour you fearless respire,
 Eternity wait till it suits you to come :
 Or let him march forward himself if he will,
 To seek out the spot where contented you rest ;
 He can but command you at worst to lie still,
 While Laura and I are eternally blest.



**JACK KETCH, B—LL—GH—M, AND THE
 EXTRA—"ORDINARY" OF N—G—TE.**

TO THE SATIRIST.

WHEREAS I can't write, because I never learnt—though
 master C—bb—t, who is always catching me in my words
 —(I may catch, or *Ketch*, him some day)—says—that's

no reason, for that he *learnt himself*; or, else, he would not be WHAT, and WHERE, *he is*—so this is to certify, that I have got one of *our students* to write for me. He has done it all for a pot of Meux’s Entire—and has read it to me, and explained all the hard words—and has ’quitted himself quite to my satisfaction.... Yours *till death*,

his

JOHN J KETCH

mark.

Tickler’s Ground, Kingsland Road.

MR. SATIRIST,

I WRITE at the pressing solicitation of my friend Mr. Ketch, who, though astonishingly clever in the peculiar *line* of his profession, has never yet done any *execution* with his pen. It is needless to descant on the awful responsibility of my friend’s office. I will venture thus much to say, that no man living is, or can be, better qualified than Mr. Ketch to carry the ORDERS of COUNCIL into *effect*. In a word, it is impossible that Government could do without him!! Now, Sir, it is a trite truism that Public Characters ought not to be wantonly sported with. By “Public Characters,” I do not mean such “public,” or rather *notorious*, characters as Sir F— B——t and Mr. C—b—t of *our house*—whose publicity, no wise, or good, man would covet, or desire; and who have such a *personal* aversion to my friend on account of his *profession*, and his having *made away* with Despard*, that they would have gloried to have seen him (*Jack Ketch*, as they familiarly term him) hanged instead of B—ll—gh—m.—But to proceed.

* Col. D. was the Baronet’s bosom friend—his fellow-workman in *stirring up the people*!

My friend has now grown grey in the service of his country—and though the office he has sustained in the *executive* department be a *ticklish* one; and in the discharge of which it is difficult to *please*; yet he defies the whole world to point out one single undertaking in which he has failed. Enough of panegyric—or, as my friend calls it, *palaver*.—It will appear, from what I am about to state, that Mr. Ketch on a late public occasion was treated with great disrespect: I allude to the circumstances of B—ll—gh—m's *exit* from the *boards* of the *New Drop* at the *Old Bailey*.—It is now about six weeks ago, "*Jack*," for so he allows me to call him for shortness, was taking his pipe—(he has a great *taste* for tobacco)—and his purl, in mute contemplation of a pair of greasy corderoys—(a perquisite of office—he had done some *business* for the late owner thereof) when the "*blast*" of the bloody deed of B—ll—gham "*blew in his ears*." What language can describe my friend's emotions! At first "*amaz'd, astonished, he stood, and blank*"—at length, recovering himself, he "*grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile*;" and all thoughts of resignation forsook him and fled. *To hang, or not to hang*, was no longer the question. But here was a case that required all *the energies*. Reports were continually brought him by the turn-keys, what a *rum* subject he would have to deal with. "*B—ll—gh—m*," said they, "*Jack*, no more minds hanging than he minds blowing a man's brains out!" These, and such like reports, made his "*firm nerves tremble*." But worse than all—the image of B—ll—gh—m haunted him in his sleep!!! "*I dreamed*," says he to me, "*as how I saw B—ll—gh—m come to my bedside with a great horse-pistol in each hand, and swear as how he'd make Mr. Perceval of me*." I rallied him for his foolish and childish superstition—and recommended *gin and bitters* as the best thing he could take to cure the hor-

tors.—And now great preparation was making for the solemn inauguration of the order of the—*halter*.

The morning dawn'd, and *heavily in clouds*
Brought on the day—th' important day
Big with the fate of—B—ll—gh—m—

“ *We* shall have rain to-day,”—says B—ll—gh—m, while they were knocking off his *clinkum clankums*. Now had B—ll—gh—m possessed a true poetical taste, he would, instead of this simple observation, in all probability have treated the by-standers with the following “passionate speech” from Ben Jonson :

“ *It is, methings, a morning full of fate * !*
It riseth slowly, as her sullen care
Had all the weights of sleep and *death* hung at it !

* * * * *

It does not look as it would have a HAIL !
Or HEALTH ! wish'd in it, as on other morns.
——— *all the fitter.*”

CATILINE, Act I. Sc. 4.

My friend *Ketch* rose up earlier than usual on the *fatal* morning, and having taken a more than ordinary dose of gin and bitters, in order to “screw his courage to the sticking place,” proceeded to garter his hose below the knee, as usual—and then repaired to the spot where the *orders* were to be *executed*. Now comes the *tug* of LAW. In the “*Dead March*,” *Jack*, as master of the ceremonies, was about to precede *secundum morem* ; when, *mirabile dictu*, he was stopt by a man in authority—whose name

* Addison no doubt recollected this line when he wrote the above.

shall be nameless—and told, that as it was a *knotty* point which they were about to *handle*—and would require uncommon energy—and that, if there should be a *failure*, or a *retardation**, through any mismanagement, the consequences might be serious in the extreme—and, further, that as *Mister Ketch* was “now old, and stricken in age,” and his “strength failing him,” it would be more adviseable that his man should officiate for him on so very *pressing* an occasion. This galling intimation drew “iron tears” down Ketch’s cheek. He twirled his *quid*, and rapt out (it would have made a parson swear) about half a hundred (*only*) of the most emphatic execrations used in Newgate—then went below to play an *under-part* in the *last act*. In the mean while, Jack’s fore-man headed the procession, and was pacing slowly along, when he found B—ll—gh—m so close at his heels (B—ll—gh—m was always *quick in his motions*) that, to save his kibes, he mended his pace. What happened when B—ll—gh—m arrived at his journey’s end, shall be told in the words of Jack Ketch’s *locum TENENS*..... “Having *gove* him to understand where his *post* was—and made him *stationary*—I puts my hand into my pocket, and pulls out the *Anodyne Necklace*—a most *sarten* cure for all disorders of never so long standing—and goes softly behind him, and slips it over his *jugglers*—it tickled him a bit, but he didn’t mind that. So then I was going on all as comfortable as could be—no grumbling on neither side—when up comes master Doctor to *I*—and says—“You need not wait. I’ll see to the rest.” D—your *fishiousness*—muttered I to myself. I wishes as how parsons would mind their *own* business—

* A newspaper before me, dated 10th inst. mentions that, at Greenock, Moses M’Donald was executed for house-breaking, and that “on his being thrown off, the rope broke.”

icod, they'd find enough to do—without meddling with other people's . . . So I went down to master with a dropt jaw just an I'd been a real sufferer in the room of B—l—l—gh—m, and tould him what happened, and how that sure as a gun he would be *choused* of the clothes—for them there things always went to the hangman—and that was master parson—bad luck to him . . . Now, Mr. Satirist, to give a detail of what followed on Ketch's man retiring from the stage. A Doctor of *Laws*, the EXECUTIONER of them, was certainly an *Extra—" Ordinary"* undertaking! Undaunted by the loud jeers* of the populace, who swore 'twas as laughable as Cock-a-doodle's playing tragedy, the Doctor began with taking off Mr. B—l—l—gh—m's cravat; but finding a *stiff'ner* in it, and the rope quite *sufficient*, without *that*, to carry the business *in hand* into effect, he unfolded the cravat—took out the *stiff'ner*—and deposited it in Mr. B—ll—gh—m's side-pocket. He then proposed a bandage for the eyes to prevent any *visible* inflammation—to which Mr. B—ll—gh—m thought it useless to object—and the Doctor accordingly applied it—the spectators all the while, marvelling one at another, and asking—what Jack Ketch could be about that he was not *in his place*? The *Extra—" Ordinary"* executioner of the law then proceeded to inspect the rope. He was particularly attentive to the *nice* adjustment of the fatal knot—pressing it with his thumb underneath the left "*lug*." And now all things were ready, and the Doctor resumed the *office* to which he had been *regularly* ORDAINED. B—ll—gh—m squeezed the Doctor's hand very cordially, and thanked him for the *double* diligence bestowed on him in enforcing, as well the maxim of

* It is astonishing that not one of the news-pers mentions this circumstance, which is a fact—and worth communication.

respice FUNEM, as *respice FINEM*—which was more, he said, than he could have expected from a gentleman of his profession. After a few words more at parting, the Doctor hoisted a white pocket handkerchief, a signal for action—Jack Ketch and his man immediately unbolted the floor, and Mr. B—ll—gh—m DEPARTED this life.

I am happy to state that my friend has come in for his lawful perquisites of the clothes of B—ll—gh—m—and so great has been the demand for KEEPSAKES of this extraordinary character, that Jack says, the clothes fetch more than all *Monmouth Street* would come to! Mr. C—bb—t beggg'd hard for the halter that B—ll—gh—m wore: but Jack wittily told him—he could not spare *that*—but any other he might have, at any future time, price (new) only *thirteen pence ha'-penny*, to wear round his neck.

I now appeal to you, Mr. Satirist, whether my friend has not been unfairly treated in not being suffered to discharge the important duties of his calling as heretofore—no complaint having been alleged against him of *relaxation*, or *over-straining*, in the exercise of the same.

Perhaps, this communication may suggest a question for discussion at those sage, grave assemblies *yclept* Debating Societies, WHETHER Dr. — ought to be praised, for his condescension and humanity in rendering *Mister B—ll—gh—m's* “last end” as comfortable as *pending* circumstances would admit; or blamed, for his impertinent and unnecessary infringement of another's office, and for acting unbecoming the dignity of his sacred calling?

I remain, Mr. Satirist,

(Would I *remained* any were else!)

Yours, &c. &c.

PETER PENNYLESS.

(Debtor's Side, Newgate.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATIRIST.

PRAY, Mr. Editor, did you ever hear that Music and Pity are twins? If you never did hear it, I have now the pleasure of telling it to you for the first time. An English lady has just discovered the fact, and announced it to the world, in an address lately spoken, for the benefit of the Scottish Hospital, at the Opera House, by telling us that

“Twin-born with Pity, melting Music moves

“Kind *Beauty's* aid to bless the land she loves.”

Now, Mr. Satirist, there is something very funny in this. That Pity and Music (*twins*) should move Beauty to bless the land she loves, is really curious. If they are twin-sisters, perhaps Beauty may be moved by both to send one of them to Scotland. It may be indifferent to her which she sends

“To bless the land she loves”—

and she may therefore send Music in preference to Pity. Her favoured land must then be blessed indeed, possessing harmony with the *Scotch fiddle*.

But though this making *Music* the twin-sister of Pity is an extraordinary idea, and one of which I cannot very much approve, it is not my object to hold up the address altogether to ridicule. Possessing as it does very considerable merit, I am sorry that, on such an occasion, its fair author should have suffered such a distortion of

fancy to take place of her good sense. I hope, when the same elegant and energetic pen is exercised in the same way again, that such a blemish will not appear on the face of its production. Wishing to give this hint is the sole motive of my now troubling you. The address, considered as a whole, possesses claims to strong commendation; and when it is next spoken, I hope it will be recited better than it was recited by Mr. Elliston at the Opera House.

I enclose the address, which though not entirely original, you may possibly think worth publishing.

Yours, &c.

A. B.



ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS AND PATRONESES OF THE
SCOTTISH HOSPITAL.

The Committee gratefully acknowledge this Tribute, from an English Lady.

If gracious Pity wakes at Virtue's call,
If her best dews on drooping Genius fall,
Then SCOTIA'S sons her richest boon may claim—
Chiefs of the Brave, and early heirs of fame!
They whose firm truth her sacred Throne defends,
May nobly ask the precious boon she lends:
Bland CHARITY her purest balsam gives
To kindred bosoms where her spirit lives;

As Heav'n's mild zephyr ev'ry blossom cheers,
But wins its sweetness from the sweets it rears!

No abject suppliant seeks your bounty's aid,
No faithless stranger lurks beneath its shade;
From those blue hills where love delights to rest,
Where social Charity is Valour's guest,
Friends, kinsmen, brothers, seek your shelt'ring dome,
And claim in ALBION's breast their native home!
Such love as brothers with a brother share,
The suppliant exile feels and blesses there;—
And shall not ALBION spread her kind embrace
To shield the orphans of a Sister's race?
Shall they who grace the glories of her reign
Ask the warm shelter of her love in vain?
When on the field of blood her warrior lies,
Shall no soft promise close his dying eyes?
Shall his sad Sire and famish'd babes deplore
Their doom, forsaken on a thankless shore?
No! bounteous ALBION speaks—her sov'reign voice
Bids the ag'd mourner's fainting heart rejoice;
Couch'd on her downy lap in calm repose,
The widow'd stranger shall forget her woes;
Back to his long-lov'd glen and ingle-side
Her hand the wand'rer's way-worn feet shall guide;
While for the realm which blest their infant days
His rising race eternal trophies raise!

Imperial ALBION! long that rising race
Shall fix and guard thy proud dominion's base!
By thee preserv'd from Want's oblivious gloom,
Some future MURRAY may thy laws illumine:
Defeated Gaul another GRÆME shall see,
And a new MOORE exult in death for thee!

Rich as the show'rs of heav'n, thy bounty's dew
Shall the bright laurels of thy crown renew !
On ERIN's wreath that fost'ring dew descends,
To CAMBRIA's oak reviving strength it lends ;
And the same dew which gems the royal rose
Life on the Thistle's stedfast root bestows !

Twin-born with Pity, melting Music moves
Kind Beauty's aid to bless the land she loves !—
Perhaps while Scotia claims your filial tear
Her OSSIAN's spirit fondly lingers here :
Assembled now, the beauteous pride he hails
Of Morven's shores and green Glenalmond's vales :
Pleas'd a new Fingal's conqu'ring race surveys,
And sees reviv'd the chiefs of elder days.—
In you they live !—their glorious task fulfil !
Be grateful SCOTIA's fost'ring fathers still !
From meagre want her scatter'd sons redeem,
Give to their souls Compassion's balmy stream !
Sublime in bounty, as her guardian hills
Pour o'er her distant vales a thousand rills !
Like those proud hills, with endless sunshine crown'd,
Spread your full stores and ample shelter round :
Like them, on Fame's eternal basis stand
The guards and glories of your native land !



FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

A FEW days ago I accompanied a friend on a visit to the mansion of a Mr. Mushroom, who has recently re-

tired from business, having gained a comfortable independence.

My friend (Mr. Thornville), it may here be proper to say, a short time ago, paid his addresses to a lady; whose personal charms and mental excellencies had captivated his affections: nothing appeared to stand in the way of his happiness, when unfortunately the lady was attacked by a malady, which all the skill of the faculty could not remove; and under which she finally sunk prematurely to the grave.

Thus robbed of the dearest object of his wishes, my young friend was afflicted beyond measure. His grief threw him into a fever, which for a time appeared likely to unite him to his lost Caroline in death; but which at length subsiding, permitted him in some measure to regain his health, though his spirits were still oppressed with the deepest melancholy.

Such was the situation of my friend, when his father recommended it to him to pay a visit to the Mushrooms, in hopes it would alike tend to tranquillize his mind, and establish his health. The old gentleman at the same time intimated a wish that the vacancy in his bosom might be filled with the daughter of Mr. Mushroom, as an alliance with his family appeared to him very desirable.

On our arrival, we found Mr. Mushroom had gone to spend a few days in another part of the country; we were, however, cordially received by his lady and niece. As I had heard nothing of the niece, I concluded that she was the lady to whom old Thornville wished his son to pay his addresses. Her beauty, combined with a pleasing vivacity which displayed itself in her manner, charmed me so much, that I could not help mentally congratulating my friend on his happiness.

The first ceremonials being over, Mrs. Mushroom im-

mediately proceeded to expostulate on her daughter's merits in the most ridiculous manner : her recital at once developed her character, and placed in a conspicuous point of view those badges of vulgarity, pride, insolence, and affectation.

“ I suppose, gentlemen,” said she, “ that as how you are quite impatient for to see my daughter ; she will be here directly, but at present she is engaged with her music-master. I can't suppose but what you have heard of my daughter's skill in music : her dancing, too, has made a good deal of noise ; but her drawings have gained her most admirers. Indeed my daughter is vastly superior in these, and many other accomplishments, to the generality of young ladies ; beside my daughter understands grammar, which you know it is very proper she should, because why, it's nothing but what's right that every body should be properly acquainted with their *own natural tongue*. Besides she can read French, *as well as* she can English.”—“ That many young ladies can do,” said I. “ Why yes, to be sure,” replied the lady, “ that's nothing vastly particular out of the common way ; but my daughter has succeeded so in every thing, that if so be she still continues for to improve, I don't know what may be the end of it : indeed her accomplishments have already gained her a vast many compliments ; even Mr. Quiz, a gentleman *which* is in general very fond of making his fun of people, could not help saying “ Miss Jezebel's excellence is as conspicuous in her mental *intellects powers*, as it is in her *personable at accomplishments*.” “ No aunt, you mistake,” cried the niece, “ he said——” “ Hold your tongue,” vociferated Mrs. Mushroom, with the voice of a fury. “ You see, gentlemen,” continued she, “ my niece is a little ill-bred minx, but, as the saying is, what's bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh ;

but it's no fault of mine, I can assure you : her father and mother died when she was very young, and left her in a manner as I may say to live on my charity. I have done all in my power for to teach her manners, and give her a genteel education, but for all, all that, she don't know *no more* of good manners than a pig; and we have never hardly company but what I'm obliged to stop her, and check her impertinency." The lady having thus *delicately* expressed herself, happened again to cast her eyes on the object of her resentment, and appeared from the view to imbibe new anger: "Ay, you may look," cried she, with all the exultation of triumphant insolence. "You know it is true, or I suppose you'd contradict me again: don't sit there—leave the room." The harshness with which these words were pronounced, combined with the circumstance of their being addressed to a lovely and interesting female, excited in me a disgust I could ill conceal, and a wish to espouse the young lady's part, which I could with difficulty restrain myself from gratifying. On the young lady herself, however, let me observe, they did not appear to have so great an effect. She obeyed the order of her aunt without manifesting the slightest symptom of chagrin or regret, yet at the same time the manner in which she quitted the room had nothing insolent or contemptuous in it. She left the apartment with an easy, graceful serenity, apparently above feeling or resenting the scornful reproaches of her vulgar relation.

She had scarcely disappeared, when *Miss Jezebel Mushroom* joined us: this lady is about five feet seven inches in height. Her person is rather inclining to the corpulent. Her feet the most malicious of her acquaintance cannot censure for being too small; and her toes (having apparently a great affection for each other) are inclined

inwards like the claws of a crab. Her hair is of a dark sandy colour; her eyes are of a pale blue; and her nose, which abruptly turning up in a very singular manner, is adorned at its summit with a wart of considerable dimensions (which, to say the least of it, is a great addition to her face); her teeth (eleven in number) are of a deep yellow; and these charms, aided by a complexion, the *delicacy* of which would tempt an irritated ox, or excite the admiration of an incensed turkey-cock, could not fail of making something more than an impression on her first entering. She advanced with a part of her dress gathered up in one hand behind her, in order to exhibit her figure to the greatest advantage, putting herself in an attitude very similar to that adopted by the nymphs of Billingsgate, when inviting those who have offended them to a salute of honour. Her speech, in which lisping, snuffling, and stammering, were strangely combined, strengthened in me that feeling to which her first appearance gave birth.

A conversation now arose, in which Miss Jezebel displayed more affability than wit, and of a desire to show her learning than good sense. Deeply to impress us with an idea of her knowledge of French, she several times entertained us with incorrect quotations from favourite authors in that language, which she so ingeniously misapplied, that more than once her absurdities occasioned a faint smile to illumine the languid countenance of the dejected Thornville. This pleasing scene lasted about half an hour, when intelligence was received of dinner being on table; upon which we adjourned to the dining-room, where I had more substantial reasons for praising the *taste* of the Mushrooms on their *taste*, than I had reason to expect from the sample first exhibited.

After dinner, by desire of her mother, Miss Jezebel

proceeded to gratify us with a sight of her drawings, and really, to do them justice; they exceeded every thing of the kind I had ever beheld. I could not for my soul refrain from laughing at the extravagantly grotesque exhibition thus obtruded on my notice; but poor Thornville became more than ever an object of pity though an unsuccessful attempt to compliment. The young lady had displayed for some minutes a miserable sketch, which she called a *Venus*, in a manner which plainly indicated she thought it possessed of peculiar claims to admiration. On this occasion my friend exerted himself so far as to pronounce a tolerable eulogium on the drawing before us, to which he unfortunately added, "'Tis pity so charming a piece should be spoiled by a blot." "Sp-poiled by a blot, Sir!" exclaimed Miss Mushroom; "p-p-pray where—Sir, is it?" "This I mean," replied he, pointing to a dark daub in the face, which I, like him, was silly enough to imagine appeared there through accident. This illustration on his part, was followed on the lady's by "He, he, he! Oh dear! —a blot, Ha, ha, ha! why you don't seem t-to understand much of drawing, Sir; why that, th-that, that's the shadow of the nose, Sir. Ha, ha, ha!" This intelligence sadly disconcerted my friend. Few situations are more perplexing than that of a man thus circumstanced. I pitied him from my heart, but unhappily quickly made an appearance equally pitiful myself.

The young lady having seated herself by the harpsichord, began to amuse us by striking the keys in an irregular manner. After some time I interrupted her by requesting her to favour us with the popular song of "Robin Adair." She consented to give us the music, but unfortunately she had not got the words. As far as she could, she would oblige us in a few moments. Short-

ly after the harpsichord was caused to emit divers discordant sounds, which to my ears bore so striking a resemblance to the noise usually produced by tuning an instrument, that it produced several very grave reflections in my mind, on the disagreeable necessity we are almost always under of listening to a tedious discordant prologue to harmony.

At length the sounds I have been speaking of ceased: Miss Jezebel looked around, in a manner that told me, as she was now ready to begin, she expected to be again solicited for a display of her abilities. As I value myself not a little on the facility with which I can develope the secret thoughts and feelings of my fellow-creatures, by carefully observing their deportment on particular occasions, I could not help felicitating myself on my discernment, in being able in a moment correctly to define the young lady's thoughts in the present instance. Anxious to make a second display of politeness (in order if possible to obliterate the remembrance of my friend's mistake), I now expressed my hope that Miss Jezebel would condescend to oblige us with the tune she had been so kind as to promise. I was applauding this display of politeness and attention on my part, when judge the astonishment, confusion, and chagrin, with which I was overwhelmed, while I heard her answer, "*Why th—that was it, Sir.*" I bit my lip, as is customary on such occasions, rubbed up my Brutus, stammered out an apology, and—but I fear this part of my letter grows tedious.

Miss Mushroom entertained us with a multitude of noises, to each of which she gave the name of some tune: at length I grew weary of this entertainment, and felt, in spite of all my efforts to repel it, a drowsy stupor stealing over me. In this state, hardly conscious what I did, I took up a book; which (alas!) proved to be a French

grammar. Miss Mushroom no sooner perceived this, than quitting the instrument she addressed me thus: "O, I don't suppose, Sir, y-you'll find m-much, much amusement there; it's a French grammar, Sir: perhaps you never took the trouble to study grammar, or the *per-nunciation* of the French tongue; th-th-this word's a v-verb, and that there's a noun substantive, and I sup-p-pose you know that is a participle passive; the per-n-n-nunciation is v-very difficult to learn. That word now, *what* you would c-c-call *eclat*, is pernounced *eclaw*; and th-th-this-this word *fracas*, we call *fracar*; and this one *chevaux*, should be spoken *she-woe*." The young lady imparted a great deal of similar information, and would most probably have given more had she not been (fortunately for me) interrupted, by the unexpected return of her father Mr. Mushroom.

It would be losing time to describe the scenes which occupied the remainder of the day. I shall therefore only add, on retiring, I could not help seriously reflecting on the folly of the Mushrooms in giving their daughter such an education, as they had endeavoured to bestow. With a plain education, adapted to her humble capacity, Miss Jezebel might have passed through life in a great measure unnoticed, as her defects would have been much less prominent than they at present appear, while, by attempting to give those acquirements which give new graces to beauty and elegance, but which only aggravate plainness and natural unconquerable vulgarity, they have made the poor girl vain of accomplishments which degrade her, and made all that it could be wished should escape observation more conspicuous than it would otherwise have been. From this example, should it be my lot to have a daughter hereafter, I hope I shall be wise enough to give her an education that will at least not

have the effect of making incapacity more apparent than it must necessarily be. I hope I shall confine her studies to plain household duties, unless it should appear she has really a talent for acquiring more elegant, not more valuable, accomplishments. Unless the affection of a parent blinds me to her imperfections, if she has no genius for drawing, she shall not waste her time in disfiguring paper; if she is not gifted with an ear for music, she shall not be taught to produce discord with an harpsichord; and if she has a defect in her speech, I will not suffer her, in common conversation, to murder any language but her own.

A YOUNG CIT.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS;

OR,

Molly Beesom's Narrative of the late Negotiations.

Mr. SATIRIST,

THOUGH I am but a poor servant, I trust you will not refuse me a *place*, as if I am poor I am honest, and have an undeniable character. Being thus, as I may say, independent, I don't care for nobody, and besides having been brought up to straw hat-making, I have, as I says, a good trade in my belly, and don't care for no man.

As you know something of Master, I need not tell you who he is ; and as you must have heard of the death of our butler, I won't say any thing about that.—Howsomever, Sir, I must say that we were all thrown into confusion by that circumstance, and there has been a fine piece of work, in consequence whereof here comes the particulars.

Some four or five years ago old Master was obliged to turn off all his then servants, on account of some tricks in which he had caught them out. I don't like tattling, so I won't say nothing of what those tricks were ; it's quite enough that they were such that he (good old soul) thought proper to turn 'em off—every man Jack. After that he took on myself and my fellow servants. Now, Sir, ever since these people have been skulking about, and trying to make old Master believe that we were worse even than them. He, however, though his eyes began to fail him, was not so blind as to be imposed upon in that way, because why, he knew that to be worse than them was almost impossible. They were therefore completely disappointed in this respect ; when lo ! and behold, they bethought themselves, that though their *petty* tricks would do them no good with old Master, perhaps they might stand a better chance with the young Squire, who was expected to take upon himself the management of the estate. They accordingly applied themselves to make us out every thing that was bad with him, and succeeded so far, that he certainly seemed rather shy of us all. Now when the old Gentleman retired, they thought to be sure that young Squire would immediately turn all of us out, and take all them in. He, however, thought it was best not to be too hasty, lest he should throw things into confusion, and vex his Father ; so he determined not to turn us out directly, at any rate not for the first year.

This made the other people very angry ; but they comforted themselves by thinking that by the end of that year they would all get into our places. In this, however, they were again disappointed ; for at the end of the year he liked us so well, that he had no disposition to part with us.

You may be sure, they did not fail to show their teeth at this. They said many ill-natured things of us, but howsomever our butler gave 'em always as good as they sent, and a little over. This they knew pretty well, and did not care to say too much on that account while he lived ; but when we had lost him, they became bolder than ever. They at last went so far as to say, that stronger people ought to be got to do the work of the House, &c. which you know was as good as saying we were hardly strong enough.

We were too much afflicted at the loss of the butler to feel at that time much affected by any thing else, and therefore we did not mind much what they said. We had besides always been desirous to give up our places when Master might be able to get more able-bodied servants. So, as there were many servants just then out of place, who boasted of having very good characters, we advised him to try if he could suit himself. In giving Master this advice, I don't pretend to say we hadn't our own interest in view. We knew very well he would soon be tired of the other people, and glad to have us back in one year, as his good old Father was before him.

A little while before this happened, one of our upper servants, Mr. Puff, a clever fellow, had gone away in a bit of a pet. He was certainly a great loss, for it would have done you good to hear him talk, as he had been a soldier in the East India Company's service, and was present at the taking of Seringapatam, and therefore knew

a good many things, and thought he knew every thing. He, Sir, after he had left us, went and spoke slightly of our butler (which to be sure was not very handsome), and said he would never serve under him again. He also spoke against us, and said, we were not able to do our business properly, and so on. Now, after this, the Squire thought of giving him the butler's place, and told him to look out for servants to be under him. What does he do directly, but to write to us to ask if we would serve under him. I immediately said, that seeing as how Mr. Puff had said we were unfit, it was hardly fair towards the Squire to ask us, and that, after what he had said, I, for one, would neither *act under* him, nor *with* him.

All my fellow-servants were of the same way of thinking, so we desired the head cook to write back to Mr. Preamble, the gentleman though whom we received the proposal of Mr. Puff. The head cook accordingly wrote as follows:

No. I.—*May 23, 1812.*

MY DEAR PREAMBLE,

I HAVE communicated to my fellow-servants the memorandum which I received from you this afternoon.

They do not think it necessary to enter into any discussion of the principles stated in that memorandum; because they all feel themselves bound, particularly after what has recently passed, to decline the proposal of becoming Members of an establishment to be formed by Mr. Puff.

Believe me to be, with sincere personal regard,

My dear Preamble, very faithfully yours,

(Signed)

The HEAD COOK.

To this we received an answer,

No. 2.—Letter from Mr. Preamble to the Head Cook, dated Gloucester Court (Whitechapel), May 24, 1812; half past eight, *a. m.* (by a stop-watch three seconds too fast).

MY DEAR HEAD COOK,

I HAVE received your letter of last night, which I will immediately transmit to Mr. Puff.

Before I do so, however, and of course, therefore, without Mr. Puff's consent or privity, I cannot forbear suggesting to you to consider whether the sort of *personal* objection which your letter evidently and exclusively implies, will stand fairly, at such a moment, as a justification for refusing to act in an establishment to the principles of which you do not feel, or at least do not state, any insurmountable repugnance.

I would suggest to you further to consider, whether, resting your refusal on an objection merely *personal*, you do quite justly, either by yourselves or by the individual concerned, in leaving the precise nature of that objection wholly unexplained.

In offering these suggestions, I perhaps exceed the limits of a correspondence such as ours is, upon this occasion: but they strike me so forcibly, that I think I owe to you, not to withhold them. Whether to communicate them to your fellow-servants or not, I leave entirely to your discretion; but you at least will not resent, so far as you are yourself concerned, a freedom which may be justified by that regard with which I am, ever, &c.

(Signed)

GEORGE PREAMBLE.

Immediately on receiving this, the Head Cook wrote,

No. 3.—Letter from the Head Cook to Mr. Preamble, dated May 24, 1812.

MY DEAR PREAMBLE,

I HAVE this moment received your answer to my letter of last night.

As that letter was not written without all due consideration, I do not feel that it can be necessary for me to call my fellow-servants again together upon the subject of it.

I can answer, however, for myself (and I am confident equally for them), that I am not actuated in declining the proposal made to us, by any objection of a nature *purely personal*. But when I advert to the opinions and statements recently sent forth to the world respecting men with whom I have been connected, and public measures in which I have been engaged, I do not feel that I should have acted consistently with my own honour and character, or with the respect I must ever owe, and shall ever feel, to my departed friend, if, under such circumstances, I could have consented to have entertained the proposal which you were authorized to submit to me.

As these considerations afforded an insuperable obstacle to my becoming a party to the proposed arrangements, I thought it wholly unnecessary to enter into any explanation on the two principles on which the establishment is stated as intended to be formed, or on other points of the greatest importance: and I must protest against any inference whatever being drawn from my silence in this respect.

I can assure you that I am most willing to render you every degree of justice for the motives which have dictated your answer to my letter.

And I remain, with sincere regard, &c.

(Signed)

The HEAD COOK.

Now, Sir, after this Mr. Puff was obliged to write—(oh no, he wrote at the same time) to Greybeard and Grinwell, to ask if they would have any thing to do with the business. He accordingly wrote No. 5—Minute of a communication made by Mr. Puff to Messrs. Greybeard and Grinwell, May 23, 1812.

Mr. Puff stated, that he was authorized by the Squire to form such establishment, as he might think adapted to the present situation of things.

That he had apprized the Squire of the necessity of asking a variety of opinions, and consulting a variety of persons.

That the principles on which he would propose the arrangement should be made were :

First, That the situation of all our *Black* brethren of the cloth shall be taken into consideration, an attempt made to bleach their hides, and a right given them to participate in all the blessings of the constitution (as far as relates to the favours of the female part of the establishment), in common with their white-faced brethren (Knights of the Rainbow).

Secondly, That the operations in the Scullery shall be prosecuted on a scale of adequate vigour.

Mr. Puff stated, that as he and Mr. Preamble agreed in these principles, he had requested Mr. Preamble to communicate them to the Head Cook.

Mr. Puff has reduced the substance of this communication to writing, and now submits it to Messrs. Greybeard and Grinwell.

(Signed)

PUFF.

I was very much surprised when I found that Greybeard, Grinwell, and Puff, agreed to write down what they were talking of, so I called on Dolly Botherem, who expects to take my place whenever the Squire turns his present servants off.—I ought here to state, that I have a great personal respect for Dolly, tho' I've often trundled my mop in her face, and called her saucy, lying, dishonest, good-for-nothing bunter ! She too has often done the same by me ; but then it was only on *public grounds*, in order to get me turned off. So, as I was saying, I called on Dolly, to ask her how it was that they

could not talk without writing down all that was said. She very civilly told me why it was ; but just as I was going out at the door, she brought pen and ink, and insisted on making a minute of what had passed, which I may as well enclose for the information of the public.

No. 6.—Minute of a conversation between Molly Beesom and Dolly Botherem.

Molly Beesom called on Dolly Botherem at 5 minutes 7 seconds and a half past a quarter of an hour after 10, A. M.

Molly Beesom had on a straw-bonnet and cloth pelisse.

Dolly Botherem was in her bed-gown and night-cap.

Molly Beesom stated to Dolly Botherem, that she had seen, with most extreme surprise, that Mr. Puff, and Messrs. Greybeard and Grinwell, reduced all they said to black and white, and inquired of Dolly Botherem why this was done ? and asked if she could tell ?

Dolly Botherem answered, that people sometimes said things which they would not stand to, and that it was necessary to write down what was said, that there might be no shuffling.

Molly Beesom observed, that such conduct seemed to show great distrust and suspicion, and proved that one party had no confidence in the other.

Dolly Botherem answered, that fair was fair, and that there was no knowing who ought to be trusted now-a-days.

Molly Beesom said, Good morning.

Dolly Botherem said, I wish you a good morning.

The above was reduced to writing by Dolly Botherem, and looked over and corrected by Molly Beesom.

(Signed) { MOLLY BEESOM.
 { DOLLY BOTHEREM.

To return to my story. After Mr. Puff had made the communication above communicated by me to you, he received what I shall put down as

No. 7.—Memorandum from Messrs. Greybeard and Grinwell, dated May 24, 1812.

This communication contained some fine flourishes, but nothing over satisfactory to Mr. Puff; who at length gave up the job he had taken upon himself, and told the Squire he could not complete it.

The Squire now called on Mr. Mother's Milk (a very good sort of a gentleman), to try what he could do. Mr. Mother's Milk went in consequence to Messrs. Greybeard and Grinwell, where a conversation took place.

No. 8.—Minute of a conversation between Mr. Mother's Milk, and Messrs. Greybeard and Grinwell, June 8, 1812.

Mr. Mother's Milk stated to Messrs. Greybeard and Grinwell, that he was authorized to consult with them on the formation of a new establishment; and satisfactory explanations having taken place between them, respecting such measures as appeared to be of the greatest urgency at the present moment, and as to his having received this commission without any restriction or limitation whatever being laid by the Squire on their considering any points which they judged useful for his service, they expressed their satisfaction with the fairness of this proposal, and their readiness to enter into such discussions as must precede the details of any new arrangement. As a preliminary question, which appeared to them of great importance, and which they thought it necessary immediately to bring forward, to prevent the inconvenience and embarrassment of the further delay which might be produced if this negotiation should break off in a more advanced state, they asked whether this full liberty extended to the consideration of the kitchen-stuff which had been usually included in the arrangement made in a change of establishment? Intimating their opinion, that it would be necessary to act on the same principles on the present occasion. Mr. Mother's Milk answered, that the Squire had laid no restriction upon him in that respect, and had

never pointed in the most distant manner at the protection of those servants from removal. That it would, however, be impossible for him (Mr. Mother's Milk) to concur in the making the exercise of this power positive and indispensable in the formation of the establishment, because he should deem it, on public grounds, peculiarly objectionable. To this Messrs. Greybeard and Grinwell replied, they acted also on public grounds alone, and with no other feeling whatever than that which arose from the necessity of giving to a new establishment that character of efficiency and stability, which are required to enable it to act usefully; and that on these grounds it appeared to them indispensable that that kitchen-stuff should be conceded in its first arrangements. A decided difference of opinion, as to this point, having been thus expressed on both sides, the conversation ended here with mutual regret. Nothing was said on the subject of other arrangements, nor any persons proposed, on either side, to fill any particular situations.

After this, though a variety of letters were written and published, according to the spirit of "The Times," yet nothing very important occurred, till Mr. Mother's Milk asked the Squire if he was ready to give up the kitchen-stuff, if he (Mr. Mother's Milk) should advise it. To this the Squire replied, "Take every dab of it, if that will do any good." Mr. Mother's Milk on this said, "Then your honour shall never part with one pen'orth of it."

Mr. Mother's Milk kept his word; and finding that those who spoke ill of us were anxious to *serve themselves* more than the *Squire*, as indeed was clear enough from their hankering after the "fat dabs and greasy bits," he at last fairly told the Squire, that he did not know that he could get better servants than he had got at present. The Squire himself was pretty much of the same opinion; and observed, that it was clear those he had just

applied to were unwilling to let him be master of his own house. Feeling this, he bid us all keep our places ; so we now go on again, and I flatter myself do pretty well, while the other people do nothing but rail at the folly of Greybeard and Grinwell, in kicking up such a row about the kitchen-stuff, which it is clear enough they might have had without a word, if they had not haggled as they did, and examined every thing to drive a hard bargain, with all the impudence of a beggar, who chinks a sixpence which is thrown to him, before he will say thank'e, and put it in his pocket.

I am,

Mr. Satirist,

Your humble servant,

MOLLY BEESOM.

ORDERS IN COUNCIL.

(Continued from page 459.)

President. Call in John Simple.

Enter SIMPLE.

Your name I believe is Simple ?

Simple. You are very right, Serjeant, I see as how you know me again.

Broom. Witness will address himself to the President—to that gentleman (*pointing.*)

Simple. Anan.

Whisper. Can't the witness speak up?

Simple. Did you speak, Sir?

Whisper. Cannot the witness speak louder?

Simple. I see that gentleman's mouth moves.—Does he speak, Serjeant?

Broom. He wishes you to raise your voice.

Simple. What, and speak louder?

Broom. Yes.

Simple. Very well, I will; and I hopes he'll tell himself to do the same when he says any thing again.

Broom. You must address yourself to that gentleman—the President.

Simple. Oh, very well, I'm to speak to the gentleman present.

Broom. Pray, Sir, what is your trade?

Simple. I am a cutler, Sir.

Broom. You make razors, I presume?

Simple. I used to make 'em, Sir; but lately I've had none to make.

Broom. And what is the cause of your trade falling off?

Simple. Orders in Council.

Broom. Have you not sought relief from the home trade.

Simple. Yes.

Broom. State the result.

Simple. Anan.

Broom. Tell us whether or not you have been much relieved by the home market.

Simple. No, Sir, I have not.

Broom. And how has it happened that you have not?

Simple. Why, I'll tell you, Sir.

Broom. Go on.

Simple. The Orders in Council have made people so poor, that they don't shave now as formerly.

Broom. How is that?

Simple. Why some of them carry their beards till they are a yard and a half long, and then cut them with scissars; and others scrub them off with pumice, to save the expense of razors and shaving.

Broom. In consequence of this you are in great distress?

Simple. Yes.

Old George. But does that distress come from the Orders in Council?

Simple. Yes.

Old G. How do you know?

Simple. I don't know it, Sir, but I think so.

Old G. And why do you think so?

Simple. Because every body says so.

Old G. You merely go then, by what people say?

Simple. Yes.

Old G. But know you are in great distress?

Simple. Yes, I know that vastly well; and if you will but repeal the distress, you may do what you please with the Orders in Council.

Broom. You say you are in great distress, Mr. Simple?

Simple. Yes.

Broom. You live then very hard?

Simple. Yes.

Broom. On what do you usually dine?

Simple. Oatmeal and water.

Broom. And how many meals do you have in the four-and-twenty hours?

Simple. Only one.

Broom. And that is of oatmeal and water?

Simple. Yes.

Broom. And what do you think you should dine on if the Orders in Council were repealed?

Simple. Beef steaks and onions.

Broom. And how many meals should you have a day?

Simple. Four or five.

President. Witness may withdraw.

Broom. I shall not call my other witnesses.

Enter BIGWIG.

What are you?

Bigwig. A gentleman.

Broom. What do you come here for?

Bigwig. I come as a voluntary evidence.

Broom. Without being sent for?

Bigwig. Yes.

Old G. Pray what are you?

Bigwig. A gentleman.

Old G. I mean, what profession?

Bigwig. A merchant.

Old G. In what way?

Bigwig. In the *Mackerel* line.

Old G. And what do you wish to prove?

Bigwig. That there is no distress in the country.

Old G. None!

Bigwig. None at all.

Old G. We have been given to understand that the people in the manufacturing towns can't get bread. Is it true?

Bigwig. That may be true, but still there is no distress in the country. The manufacturing classes have all the comforts they are entitled to; if they had more they would have too much.

Broom. I understand you to say, that the fact of the manufacturers being unable to get bread is no proof of distress?

Bigwig. I did say so.

Broom. And that they have nevertheless all the comforts to which persons in their situation are entitled?

Bigwig. I did say so.

Broom. And that if they had more they would have too much?

Bigwig. I did say so.

Broom. Do you mean then to say that oatmeal and water is all an English manufacturer is entitled to?

Bigwig. Certainly.

Broom. You think he ought never to aspire to taste such luxuries as bread and cheese?

Bigwig. Unquestionably not.

Broom. What would be the consequence of his regaling on such princely food?

Bigwig. He would grow pampered, lazy, and discontented. Such a system would go to unhinge the whole frame of society.

Broom. You were formerly a labourer yourself, I believe?

Bigwig. That's no matter.

Broom. Can you deny it?

Bigwig. Yes, certainly—I—NO.

Broom. And you have since got rich by the labour of others?

Bigwig. Yes.

Broom. And having gained the means of insulting the lower orders, from the exertions of the lower orders, you have now thought proper to come here to inform us that there is no distress in the country, and that English-

men who work hard are not entitled to better fare than oatmeal and water.

[Here BIGWIG stammers, but cannot make an answer; and OLD G. and BROOM rise at the same moment, and kick him out.]

Old G. I never heard any thing that inclined me so much to give up the Orders as that which Bigwig has stated. I shall certainly consider of it.

Broom. Do so; but you'll let me make my speech before you give them up, as three parts of it are written already.

Old G. Make yourself easy on that score. You shall have an opportunity.

President. The Court is adjourned.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

To the EDITOR of the SATIRIST Magazine.

SIR,

THE false reasoning, sanctioned by the insertion of a long paragraph, entitled "*Assassination*," in the newspaper of Sunday, 17th May, 1812, called *The Constitution*, though it may show the malignity of the writer's heart, is calculated to mislead only those who, unused to think for themselves, and abused by his sophistry, unwittingly suffer themselves to be led by the nose by his arguments (if such they may be called), and unman-

ly attempts to cast an odium on the upright guardians of British independence.

With respect to the horrid transaction which he glosses over, by asserting that "the direct conformity of Pignatelli's arguments with those of Bellingham is too apparent to be mistaken even by the most superficial observer," I beg leave to tell him (through the medium of your valuable Magazine), that he would not have made such an assertion if he had not been almost as much fool as knave, to suppose his readers *too superficial observers* to espy mischief lurking under all his vile-drawn conclusions.

His base attempt to apologise for the horrid act of Bellingham, is not to be paralleled by any thing short of the infamous lye published, with bare-faced impudence, in the second edition of the Statesman evening paper, of 11th May, 1812, in large characters, the better to impose upon the readers and *superficial observers* thereof, that the *unfortunate* Bellingham being seized and called upon to account for his motive in shooting Mr. Perceval, had said that "HE HAD SAVED HIS COUNTRY AND WAS CONTENT;" thereby intimating, that the act was praiseworthy, and a second Brutus had risen to snatch poor Old England from the claws of a tyrant. The very reverse of all this was precisely the case, for the murderer never said such words, or could have thought such thoughts, but was entirely engrossed by his own imaginary wrongs, and only thirsted for a revengeful satisfaction in the blood of one of the kindest and best of men and Christians *.

* It is worthy of observation, that in all the hurry and confusion of getting out second or third editions, no such statement appeared in any evening paper but the Statesman.

But had Government complied with the Russian's demand to petition Parliament to reimburse him for his alleged losses and damages, to the amount of many thousand pounds, out of the pockets of the British people, and thereby contributed to increase the load of taxes, in order to gratify the individual avarice of a monster, then Mr. Perceval's life would have been spared, and the Constitution, Statesman, and other infamous and inflammatory periodical publications (Cobbett's Political Register, and the approvers of Tom Paine's Works not excepted) would have chuckled at the opportunity of abusing Ministry, for oppressing the people, in order to enrich a bankrupt speculator, incendiary, and villain.

Fellow Citizens of London, beware of such scoundrels, who, in the pay of France, and for base lucre and gain, put a gloss upon the worst actions to serve their own sordid ends, endeavouring to separate us from our real protectors and best friends, and by an artful introduction of Deistical opinions, depriving us of the consolation and blessing of the Christian revealed religion, would cast a gloom over our souls, and render us fit instruments of their diabolical machinations.

I am, Sir,

One of the Majority of the

LIVERY OF LONDON.

We felt it incumbent upon us to offer a few words, by way of supplement to the above communication, on the conduct of another *patriotic* newspaper on the late melancholy transaction. The paper to which we allude is "The Independent Whig." This despicable print has, since the murder of Mr. Perceval, been filled with the praises of his

assassin, and with libels on the memory of that truly virtuous Statesman, now, unhappily for this country, no more. The "Constitutional Corner" of this *constitutional* paper, has, we understand, been filled with the praises of murder. We say we understand this has been the case, for we are by no means desirous of being set down as constant readers of the Independent Whig. Our attention has been called to it by an article which has recently appeared in "The National Register," part of which, as the observations attached to the extracts made from the Independent Whig are perfectly in unison with our own feelings, we shall here take the liberty to insert.

The writer we are now about to quote gives the following extract :

"We ought to lament, that we have lived to see the day, when there hath been found a *wrong without a remedy*;—to lament that a British subject, despairing to get relief even from that assembly expressly instituted for the redress of all grievances, should think himself entitled to do himself justice by an act of violence—and above all we must lament, that he by whose means such injuries have been done to our rights, should have escaped without being called to an account for them. In short, either we have been led into strange errors by the great authorities before quoted, or Perceval was a breaker of the King's oath, which, in plain English, is called a 'traitor.'

"Either that is not the law and constitution, which is here laid down by these grave and great authorities (writers previously quoted), or Perceval appears to have broken the King's oath, which is an act of high treason. But if Perceval acted the part of a traitor, at least he was fortunate in not dying the death of one, and consequently the act of Bellingham may have saved both the Minister, his family, and friends, from a greater degree of affliction!"

He then proceeds—

Here, Sir, you will see it is not indirectly stated, that Mr.

Perceval was a traitor to his country ; and as a traitor would probably have suffered an ignominious death, had not Bellingham enabled him to escape. But the late Minister is stigmatised as a criminal who deserved the gallows, while his murder appears to be a humane act, perpetrated to save *both* the Minister, his family, and friends, from the pain and disgrace of such a catastrophe.

Continuing its eulogy on Bellingham, it tells us that, "shortly after the act was committed, he even shed tears for him (Mr. P.) though he shed none for his own misfortunes, or felt the least dismay on his own account ; and with his dying lips he requested Perceval's family might know the sorrow he felt on their account. How different is this conduct from that barbarous joy, which the vindictive man feels when his victim lies bleeding at his feet ! No foul passion of this kind disgraced the *honourable* bosom of Bellingham ; and therefore we cannot refuse him credit for his own declaration, '*that Justice—and Justice only, was his object.*'—A noble object ! And much it is to be desired, that it were always attainable by straight and even ways ! Nor will it prove any excuse for man, that Providence himself sometimes accomplishes that end by indirect means. In that courage which raises the mind superior to the fear of death, Bellingham may be compared to Sir Thomas Moore ; but the Chancellor giving way to his pleasantries upon the scaffold, may be said to have died beneath himself ; whilst Bellingham exhibiting a happy combination of mildness and dignity *towards his tormentors*, anxious to draw from him an avowal that would have blasted his own character and justified that of others, may be said to have died greatly beyond himself."

If there be any one thing more than another that must make the friends of Bellingham lament that he was unfortunately cut off when he had only committed one murder, it must be the regret the lovers of fine writing must feel, when they reflect that the departed hero cannot have the pleasure of reading the above delectable article. How truly beautiful is the eulogium there given on his dignified deportment at the gallows. It must be beautiful, because it is not easy to understand half of it. Vulgar readers may, from this circumstance, be at first induced to con-

sider it as rank nonsense, for they, not entering into the author's spirit, may not be able to guess what is meant by Bellingham's "exhibiting a happy combination of mildness and dignity *towards his tormentors*, anxious to draw from him an avowal that would have *blasted his own character* and *justified that of others*."—They will, perhaps, not admire the *English* of this *elegantly* turned period, any more than its apparent meaning. They will perhaps ask, *who were his tormentors*? What avowal could have *blasted his own character*? And still more anxiously may they ask how, doing this, was he to justify that (the character) of others. This we say, by common readers may be regarded as nonsense; some will perhaps be uncharitable enough to think that the whole paragraph has the appearance of having come from the pen of some *associate villain*, equally incapable of suppressing his gratitude *for*, and his rapture *at*, the conduct of the *hero*, *no & no more*, who forbore to disclose the names of any of his friends in his last moments. It is unnecessary for me to point out how ridiculous such ideas must be. All I will say on the subject is, that the article is very fine; and as there can be no doubt that the author meant it to be so, I hope something equally solemn and consoling to his friends will come from some other pen, when his patriotism has gained the notoriety which I trust it will one day gain: a notoriety only second to that which has crowned the exertions of the *illustrious* Bellingham. When on the subject of the "*honourable bosom of Bellingham*," I think the writer might with great propriety have indulged in a short digression, for the purpose of treating us with something about the "*honourable bosoms*" of Jerry Abershaw, and other heroes of the Newgate Calendar.

Though in the above article the principal points are commented on with proper spirit, we could offer many additional observations on various parts of the extracts given. We shall refrain from doing so, as we are afraid of trespassing too long upon our readers, and as we feel satisfied that, having given the above extracts, their own feelings will amply supply any deficiency on our part.

Mr. HUNT.

THE writer of this name, who has lately picked up a very comfortable living by insulting his Prince, has at last succeeded in attracting the attention of the Attorney-General. In consequence of this, on account of the expenses to which he says he must necessarily be subjected, he has raised the price of his paper to NINEPENCE-HALFPENNY!!!

This may be very proper, and in one point of view I almost give him praise for his conduct. It is quite right that sedition as a luxury should be taxed. It is quite right that those who indulge in reading it should be obliged to pay for it. Feeling this, I am pleased at the advance which has been made. I am glad that Mr. Hunt has laid a tax on the readers of sedition, and should hope it may have the salutary effect of diminishing their number; but what ought the public to think of the disinterested conduct of this man, who is always bewailing the burdens of the people, when they see him coming forward to raise the supplies of the year (for himself) by adding to their load? What will they think of him, when he tells them, that as they are staggering under the weight of their taxes, he has thought proper to assist them by advancing the price of *what he considers* one of the necessaries of life? What must they think, after this, of his compassion for the burdens under which they groan? Surely after this there will be *no question* as to his disinterestedness, patriotism, and anxiety to ameliorate the condition of the people.

AN EXAMINER.

L I F E.

How tedious, how heavy, how galling the load,
Each mortal thro' life has to bear!

The Sun of content never gleams on the road,
Which is pav'd with misfortune and care.

Each man is a porter o'erladen with woe,
No virtue his shoulders can save;

All find that their burdens still heavier grow,
Till arriv'd at the goal—call'd the grave.

The world is a stage, and the actors are men,
Where there's nothing but Tragedy play'd;
And should a light scene intervene now and then,
In the next double woe is display'd.

Oh, then, let us strive to be firm and serene,

Nor frantic with joy, nor by anguish cast down;

But, anxious our part to act well in each scene,

Meet calmly of Fortune the smile or the frown.

P. A. E.

EPIGRAMS.

*On the Assertion of Sir F. BURDETT, that the Conduct
of Mr. Palmer in instructing those under him to impose
on their Superiors, was what might naturally be expected.*

SIR Franky, to give our Reformers a satire,
Asserts that to cheat is consistent with nature;
This (tho' singular rather the Baronet's view),
If he were in office, we all might think true,

ON THE ADMINISTRATION.

TALK of corruption, Patriots, still,
 As loud as e'er you storm'd;
 Our Government, say what you will,
 Is thoroughly *Re-form'd*.

G. T.

On the Same.

M'MAHON's pension now we know
 No more will grieve the nation;
 Nor Barracks fill our hearts with woe,
 Nor Ireland groan—such blessings flow
 From genuine *Re-formation*.

On the Conduct of a Great STATESMAN who cannot
serve his COUNTRY.

I LIKE very well Rose and Sidmouth and Manning,
 But cannot at present so much say of Canning;
 For tho' he's of ardour to serve always flaunting,
 There is with this *Can-ing* a d—d deal of *Can't-ing*.

JOHN BULL.

On the Sinecure of the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster been given to Mr. BRAGGE BATHURST.

"THE health of Bragge Bathurst," Dick cries, o'er his
grog—

"His country has long been his debtor;"

Tom shrugging replies, "*Bragge's* a very good dog,

"But Bragge will think *Holdfast* a better."

T.

On Mr. TILNEY LONG POLE WELLESLEY's shutting Wanstead Park Gates, to keep out disorderly Persons, but tendering the Keys to the Gentlemen of the Parish and its Vicinities, which they did not feel inclined to accept.

It seems that Long Pole, round his parks and his trees,
No longer would let people walk as they please;

But lest it should currish or stupid appear,

He tender'd the keys to the gentlemen near;

Who answer'd in language more plain than 'twas civil,

"He might go with his keys and his park to the devil."

'Twas surely unwise thus their anger to mark,

'Twas hard on the keys,—'twas unjust to the park;

If they could not from blame the GREAT LONG POLE
exempt,

Did the keys and the park also merit contempt?

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

BELLINGHAM.

THE DEFENCE DEFENDED;

OR,

THE TRIAL RE-TRIED.

By JUNIUS, JUN.

"BELLINGHAM! Bellingham! Bellingham! nothing but Bellingham!" we fear our readers will be disposed to exclaim when they see this article. We frankly confess there is but too much reason for such an exclamation; but the Satirist, whose business it is "to hold the mirror up to nature," would but ill do his duty, if the dread of being censured for sameness could induce him to throw down his scourge, where it was most necessary that it should be freely exercised, to let vice and folly escape with impunity.

It was hardly possible to take up a pamphlet of the title of that before us, and with the name of Junius attached to it, without remembering the splendid infamy which extraordinary talents and transcendent want of

principle once shed over this far-famed signature, and we could hardly commence the reading of the performance, on which we are now about to make a few observations, without being led to expect a something like an abuse of talent—a something like a perversion of genius, to call forth a smile of applause on its exertions, while its object could only inspire us with a sentiment of disgust.

Happily, however, the pang which such an union of ability and depravity could not fail to awaken, has been spared us in this instance. Whatever censure the author of this pamphlet may deserve in other respects, we have no hesitation in saying that no man can, with justice, accuse him of a *prostitution of talent*. Of this we most distinctly acquit him, and cheerfully do him the justice to own that nothing of the kind can be found in any part of his present performance.

In saying this, however, we do not mean to assert that nothing like prostitution of talent would have appeared in it, if the author had had talent to prostitute. We are much inclined to think the reverse. The fact is, the writer appears to be as consummate a blockhead as ever his present employer had in his service. We had hardly got through three pages of his work before the indignation with which we commenced its perusal was wholly disarmed by contempt, and its mischievous intent was obliterated from recollection by its miserable execution.

When this pamphlet was published, every thing relating to Bellingham, it was thought, would be purchased with avidity, and the editor of the Independent Whig, and others, were decidedly of opinion that any thing in favour of the assassin would sell, and of course pay exceedingly well. This feeling, no doubt, had some share in giving "The Defence defended" to the

world. Now many good unsuspecting people might imagine that a work coming out under such a title would contain some important facts, not previously known, to prove that Bellingham's assertions were entitled to credit; and others might expect that to these would be added some very extraordinary powers of reasoning to prove that Bellingham was an object of compassion. Whether or not these expectations are in any way gratified by this book we shall presently show by our extracts. The pamphlet commences with some nonsensical sentences, which, we are gravely informed, are "preliminary reflections," and then we are told of Bellingham, that,

"Harassed by the machinations of evil men in power, and a combination of untoward circumstances, he exhibited, according to his own statement, the singular instance of a British merchant in a foreign land, oppressed by foreign laws, and unable to obtain redress even from the Representative of that Power, upon which he was entitled to rely with confidence.—He stated that he applied to the British Consuls in vain; he was vilified, degraded, and thrown into prison;—by his own exertion, and not by his country's interference, he obtained his liberty, which, as he justly observes, had he not been innocent, he could never have effected;—for, if the British Consul felt his authority too light to claim his deliverance under a conviction of his guilt, how much the less could the culprit be expected to obtain his own liberation, unless by the fullest and clearest evidence of his purity! and yet it appears the fact, that, from a bare investigation of his case, when he could obtain it, and which he solicited from the British Consuls in vain, from such investigation his innocence was immediately declared, and he was set free. Upon this ground alone, therefore, were there no other, it appears that the honour of the English name, as well as the injured character of the individual, required that our Ambassador in Russia should have taken up the

case as one of singular importance, and have demanded that public satisfaction which was due alike to his country and the injured party, in whose person that country had been insulted. Bellingham had done no wrong, or it is fair to suppose he would not have been liberated upon an investigation of circumstances; and so far it is inferred the British Consul did not do his duty.—When he was freed from his dungeon, with a becoming spirit he sought redress for the injustice he had sustained; but he sought it not from the British Consul, he applied for it, with the confidence of injured innocence, to that Government by whose officers he had been insulted and abused: but, while engaged in this endeavour, his enemies, more powerful than he, contrived to raise some other cry against him, and he was again dragged back to prison, where he was compelled to remain for Two Years, enduring the utmost hardships, and not only enduring them, but witnessing the agonizing distresses of his wife and family.—Now, if this account be credited, we find the fact of a British merchant unjustly imprisoned, in a foreign land, praying redress in vain, both from his own countrymen and the government under which he suffered, till his innocence being manifest, that government of itself sets him free. It was *then* the duty of the British Consul, if not sufficiently warranted before, it was then his time to interfere, for here was positive proof of injury sustained, proof by public confession in the liberation of their victim.—But no such interference was attempted, and he was again suffered to be seized upon and dragged to a dungeon, and every hope of redress at once cut off.—“The very day (said the unfortunate Bellingham) I expected a complete enfranchisement, the very hour I looked for re-established honour and reviving fortunes, I was handed to another prison, because I would not nor could not submit to the extortion of 2000 roubles. I was dragged about the streets with offenders who had been guilty of the most atrocious crimes—I was bandied about from one place to another;—I have even passed the very door of the British Ambassador, who had refused to listen to my complaints, and who must have been an unmoved and pitiless witness of what would have wrung the heart-strings

of other men !" Returning to England, with the smarting of his wrongs still fresh, he once again endeavoured to procure redress ; in which being again disappointed, he was driven by despair to perpetrate the desperate and horrid deed of shedding his fellow-creature's blood, and sacrificing his own life to attain revenge.

All this may be very lamentable, but it is to be remembered that this is only Bellingham's own story. Mr. Junius, jun. has not brought forward one atom of evidence, to prove that it was entitled to credence. It may be that Junius, jun. for himself, thinks Bellingham a most satisfactory authority. So acute a reasoner as he is, cannot perhaps think it possible for a man who commits a murder to tell a falsehood ; but we, not being equally gifted with him, cannot but feel disposed to give quite as much credit to the statement of Lord G. L. Gower, though he is not so strongly recommended to us by his actions, as Bellingham seems to be to Junius, jun. by his.

The Defence being thus defended by being published again, the author now proceeds to the second part of his task, namely, to *Re-try* the Trial—(by the by, we never heard of the trial being tried the first time). In this part of his performance he labours to prove that Bellingham was insane :—

" The Counsel for the prisoner entreated only for time ; the plea was, *insanity*, and the opportunity was demanded to prove it.—The prisoner disclaimed the plea, and proceeded in a strain of justification, that indubitably confirmed it beyond any thing else that could have been produced."

(What, then, is Junius, jun. about to undertake the defence of this mad defence?)

“ I have those reasons to adduce, Gentlemen (said the unfortunate man), which will compel you to acknowledge that I was fully justified in this fatal act !”—That he was fully justified in shedding one man’s blood, though, had he met another, he confesses that *he* should have been the sacrifice !—What sort of justification is here ?—He went with intent to kill, no matter who ;—for injuries inflicted, no matter when :—for those in Russia, occasioned by the stoical indifference of Lord Gower,—or for those in England, caused by the disappointment of his application for redress !—Could there be a stronger proof of incoherence and a mind deranged,—a mind goaded by misfortune to indiscriminate revenge ?—But the Attorney-General is reported to have said, “ because the prisoner had done this one act, *which was an act of madness*, was it to be inferred that he was deranged, merely because he had committed so atrocious a deed that no one else would have committed ? ”—Now surely no man need have been asked, whether an acknowledged act of madness inferred derangement, although it were but a single act ; and for a confirmation we need only refer to the daily instances of Coroners’ verdicts upon the unhappy victims of self-destruction.—Though there be no preceding testimony of insanity, an act of desperation is a general warrant for such a construction. And was not the one in question an act of desperation,—of blind consummate desperation ?—A spirit tired of life, yet loth to quit that life without *revenge* ; which it mistook for *justice* ; disclaiming all personal animosity, yet taking personal vengeance, for the benefit of society :—nay, what is more to our argument still, conceiving even that the very deed he had committed would lead to his obtaining that redress, the denial of which had driven him to perform it :—“ I was prompted to it (he cried) by no malice pre-pense ; I was incited by the hope of bringing into Court my unfortunate case, without which I knew it never could be promulgated ; and I was incited *by the desire of afterwards returning to the bosom of my family with comfort and honour* ! ”—Need there be any appeal to the reader for a further proof than this of a mind diseased, in which every sentiment of reason, religion, and moral

rectitude, was obscured and overturned?—To suppose that the *cause* rather than the *act* would become the object of investigation in a criminal court; or that the course of vengeance he had pursued should lead to the accomplishment of his utmost wishes! What could such a prepossession imply but a direct lapse of reason? as, to attempt the affording him redress, under such circumstances, what would it have been but madness in the State, the encouragement of murder to obtain redress of grievances?

It is worthy of particular observation, that Junius, jun. stickles very hard to have one act of singular atrocity received as a proof of madness. This may, according to his ideas, be a very comfortable doctrine; but admitting this principle, every extravagant outrage would carry its defence within itself, as the Attorney-General observed, though Junius, jun. forgot to quote or to answer the observation.

Having got thus far, Mr. Junius, jun. found his *Defence* *defending* and *Trial re-trying* would not make a pamphlet sufficiently large for a shilling, which he had made up his mind to charge. Placed in this awkward situation, in order to fill up, he makes an attack on the fare of condemned criminals. Here he speaks with great feeling, and we give him credit in this instance for a laudable anxiety for the comfort of his friends. He says, "Let us not presume to question the policy of this law;" and forthwith proceeds to show the impropriety of it. He here finds occasion to record an heroic speech of Bellingham's, who, conversing with Alderman Wood on the day before his execution, observed (speaking of his diet being confined to bread and water), "The Government think to intimidate me, but they will find themselves deceived."

The author follows this up by saying,

“ It might not have been necessary to have noticed the manner of this treatment here, had it not been for the purpose of informing the reader, that this *usage*, or rather this *law*, which had been enacted, *expressly forbidding* the allowance of any thing else to persons in his situation than *bread and water*, is by no means a *law of invariable observance*; as it is well known, that in more cases than one, where a murderer has been left for execution, he has been indulged with any kind of nutriment, in a moderate degree, even so late as the night before his execution: this can be attested without fear of contradiction: but the manes of a Minister, and a Minister of such rare qualifications, may require a greater sacrifice to appease them than those of other men. Notwithstanding, however, every disadvantage, most truly did he preserve his constancy and firmness to the last. His conversation with the Sheriffs on the morning of his death was most particularly interesting, though it must be admitted that a great portion of it was very ill-timed and irrelevant to the duties of their office.—They are neither intended as Judges nor Inquisitors, their simple duty is the superintendence of the execution of the law, intermingled with as much humanity as is consistent with their nature and disposition, and to leave the rest for more appropriate persons to perform!”

The thorough knowledge which Junius, jun. has of the *usages in Newgate*, as above displayed, is worthy of particular notice. The sneer at the late Minister marks his sense of the action of Bellingham; and the indignation expressed at the endeavours of the Sheriffs to ascertain whether or not he had any accomplices, we wish our readers to compare with one of the extracts from the Independent Whig, which will be found in another part of this Number. The approbation of his conduct which we are about to extract, we would also wish compared with what the Whig furnishes on the same subject.

“ The answers, however, which they received were dignified and consistent, completely rational and just in most respects, but still adhering to the erroneous principle, so truly indicative of a perverted reason, that what he had done he was justified in doing, and that the crime was lost in the injuries which provoked it.—It is also a circumstance, probably, not generally known, that a messenger was sent from the Prince Regent, after the prisoner's condemnation, of a tendency to excite confession as to any accomplices or instigators he might have had to urge him to the deed.—But his tale was told; he had never varied from the statement he had given; his own personal wrongs had urged him to the deed, and he stood prepared to endure the peril which awaited him. It might have been a commendable policy to endeavour at making the assassination of the Minister a party measure, or the effect of some popular combination; but surely this was a most needless and improvident attempt:—needless after a proof so ample, as evinced by the judicial proceedings and the prisoner's confession; and improvident as to the political character and credit of the deceased Minister:—for, how much more creditable must it prove to his reputation, that he met his death by the mistaken judgment of an individual, than that he should have fallen at the instigation of an enraged people, whose miseries he had augmented beyond the power of mortal patience to endure?”

On comparing the above with the trash in the Whig, we think our readers will be inclined to suspect that in both instances the same blockhead is concerned. His ideas of a “ commendable policy,” suit very well with the ideas of the editor of that print, and we have only one reason for supposing that he is not the author. Our reason is, that this pamphlet was advertised in the Whig.—Now, we cannot think that any one who knew the *circulation* of that paper (as the Editor must) would be fool enough to pay the duty on an advertisement in it.

In taking leave of this work, we ought in candour to say, that the author may after all be an object of compassion. His arguments to prove Bellingham insane, show more insanity on his part than on that of the assassin. Feeling this, if Junius, jun. desperate from not getting another job in consequence of his miserable failure in this, should hang himself, we shall feel it to be our duty to offer a few reasons for the perusal of the Coroner,⁴ in favour of a verdict of lunacy. Lest our charitable efforts should be too late, we will here offer a part of his last page to incline the Jury to the side of Mercy.

“ From the first moment of the business (of the murder), when the report of the pistol announced the fatal deed, Confusion started, as it were, from her recess, seizing upon the minds of men, and palsying the very sinews of the State. Terror went before, and coward Fear came shivering in her train.—We are told the nobles of the land grew pale, the representatives of the people stood aghast, as if uncertain whether to rejoice or grieve. The Woolsack even trembled, and cried—“ Shut, shut the door ! The mischief once begun, who knows where it may end !”

Beautiful as this story is about Confusion starting from her recess (a *dressing* closet, we presume, in the House of Commons), our readers will perhaps think with us that no one but a lunatic could have thought that Terror and Fear were not alike, and have made one stalk majestically before, while the other came shivering behind. The tale of the representatives of the people being uncertain whether to rejoice or to grieve, also appears to mark derangement, as certainly they must have been unanimous in doing the former.—But, above all, the circumstance of his dramatically in-

roducing the Woolsack, trembling, and crying, " Shut, shut the door! &c." proves him to be a Bedlamite, unless, indeed, to wind up his sublime poetical description of what took place, he was ambitious of imitating the last couplet of that celebrated stanza, which we have all often admired and met with in various works :

" The Sun's perpendicular height

" Illumin'd the depths of the sea ;

" And the fishes beginning to sweat,

" Cried, D—n it, how hot we shall be !

Junius, jun. perhaps thought it was as *natural* for the Woolsack to cry as the Fishes.

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumit honesti.

COVENT GARDEN.

LITTLE or nothing remarkable for its novelty has been produced at this theatre in the course of the month. Mrs. Siddons has been going through her principal characters for the last time. On Monday she takes her final leave; so that by the time this number appears, unless she change her resolution, this distinguished favorite of the tragic muse will have left the stage for ever.

LYCEUM.

THE winter season (as is it termed) is closed, and the English Opera season has now commenced. "One o'Clock," and "The Boarding House," have been played several times, and as yet we have had nothing new. From the bills we learn that Mr. Fawcett is engaged, and will shortly make his first appearance in the character of *Admiral Blunt*, in the Opera of "Up All Night." Reports speaks favourably of the preparations for the new campaign. We hope, though it is not the object of the managers of the English Opera to produce such pieces as the legitimate drama should furnish, that at least they will

abstain from reviving old pantomimes spun out into first pieces. Mr. M. G. Lewis will, we hope, understand this hint, and if he cannot furnish new hobgoblins, ghosts, and horrors, for once put some restraint on his inclination, and in mercy forbear to *haunt* us with a second edition of the old ones. Some things will bear repetition; some dishes are very good hashed up again, but when authors treat us with the *ghost of a ghost*, it is too much for human nature!

HAYMARKET.

Want of space prevents our noticing the performances here, so minutely as we intended. Since our last, a Mr. *Betterton* has made a successful *débüt*; and Mr. *Terry* has appeared in a great variety of characters, and his performance in most instances has been very respectable. We however could still wish him to check his ambition, and to aim at becoming excellent in a few characters, instead of attempting, and vainly attempting, to make himself a favorite in all.

On Monday the 15th, a new farce, from the pen of Mr. OULTON, the successful author of "The Sixty-Third Letter," was performed for the first time, under the title of "The Sleep Walker; or, Which is the Lady?"

The plot is as follows:

Sophia Courtney, an heiress, having eloped from her aunt, in Bath, in male attire, is married to an Irish baronet, *Sir Patrick Maguire*; the lovers are unfortunately robbed of all their ready cash on their journey. In this dilemma they stop at an inn, which is also frequented by *Aliter*, a mercenary ill-natured attorney, who is on the look-out for this heiress, and having been informed of

her disguise and assumed name of *Terence Oakley*, sends for an informer (spy) to detain her at the inn, for wearing hair-powder without a licence. The same attorney is also employed by *Squire Rattlepate*, to purchase a country seat, for which he is particularly anxious, but which the landlord has promised, by letter, to an Irish baronet. *Alibi* advises the Squire, as all parties are unknown to each other, to personate the Irish baronet, and tell the landlord he means to transfer his claim to *Squire Rattlepate*. He promises that his clerk *Moody* (whom he represents as a strange character), shall find out the baronet's name, and meet him that night at the inn, to give him instructions. The Squire, anxious for Irish company, is introduced by the landlord of the inn to *Sir Patrick Maguire* and his lady, to whom he reveals his intention of personating the Irish baronet who had supplanted him, and mentions that a lady, whom his aunt had intended for his wife, had ran away from Bath in male attire, but assures Lady Maguire that he never saw her, and his aunt had never seen her god-daughter since her christening. The landlord not being able to discount a hundred pound bill which Sir Patrick had concealed from the robbers, and the Squire offering to get him the cash for it, Sir Patrick assures him that he will put him in the way of getting the mansion; and as they sit down to smoke and drink together, Sir Patrick lights his pipe with the bill which the waiter had left on the table. This adds to his embarrassments, but still the Squire offers his assistance. Sir Patrick then requests the loan of 100l. on a casket of jewels which his wife had previously given him, and which had been given to her by her god-mother. Out of this state of things, a variety of ludicrous mistakes and whimsical embarrassments arise, which are greatly heightened by the vagaries of

the Sleep Walker (*Somno*, the servant of Sir Patrick), which terminate in a *denouement* most satisfactory to the lovers.

This whimsical olio has strong claims to approbation from the genuine humour with which it abounds. It embodies, with the happiest effect, all that amusing embarrassment and ludicrous extravagance which it is properly the province of farce to furnish, and keeps the audience in a roar of good-humoured laughter, from the opening scene to the fall of the curtain. The incidents for the most part are excessively diverting, and entitled to more than ordinary praise for the more than ordinary knowledge of life which they display. The plot is intricate, but we cannot say that it possesses much of interest. This, however, we do not impute to it as a fault. The piece is perhaps the better for it, as nothing can be more sickening than the impotent attempts to excite interest in pieces like this in design, but differing widely from in point of merit. Here the author's object appears to have been to make us laugh all through the piece, and in this he has completely succeeded.

The character of the *Sleep Walker* is very ably drawn, and the scenes to which his nocturnal peregrinations give rise, are truly comic. The dialogue boasts great neatness and spirit. Most of the performers were very happy in their parts. The farce, altogether, deserved the hearty welcome it received, and we are well pleased to see that the *Sleep Walker* is likely to run for some time.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum inter vos TANTAS componere lites!—

VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree?

POPE.

1. Extracts from the Diary of a Lover of Literature.

“ Though a mosaic formed of fragments so miscellaneous may want design, it will include *curious* and *precious* pebbles: if not remembered with facility, it may be inspected with *interest*. A spirit of the gentleman and of the scholar pervades this Diary. As the author proposes to continue his method of publication, we advise a freer indulgence of the peculiar *genius* of the writer, which is *advantageously displayed* in many paragraphs.”—*Monthly Review*.

“ No man could have offered an opinion against the propriety of making such a journal; but perhaps no man, at all versed in human affairs, would have advised a publication of that which *can, hardly in any hands, be so managed as to be useful or delightful* to others.”—*British Critic*.

2. The Legend of Mary, Queen of Scots, &c. with an Introduction, &c. by John Fry.

“ We do not think so highly as the editor, of the intrinsic merit of this composition; but we are *very thankful* to him for this specimen of early poetry, in which there are certainly *considerable powers of versification*.”—*British Critic*.

“ This Legend was *not worth publishing*.”—*Critical Review*.

“ We have no hesitation in pronouncing this Legend, a *dull, dismal, historical ditty, unillumined by a single ray of poetical talent*.”—*Eclectic Review*.

3. An Account of the Life and Character of Alexander Adam, LL.D. Rector of the High School of Edinburgh.

"This volume contains, perhaps, nearly as much information as the public will call for, concerning the very respectable tutor and distinguished scholar whom it celebrates, in a language of *no little formality and pomp*."—Eclectic Review.

"The narrative is *easy and interesting*."—British Critic.

4. The Question concerning the Depreciation of our Currency, stated and examined, by W. Huskisson, Esq. M.P.

"We think that the *country at large is greatly indebted to Mr. Huskisson*, for the present *able* pamphlet, in which he has *so luminously exposed*," &c. "Mr. Huskisson has treated the question in such a manner as to render it *intelligible to all capacities*; and we think that his strenuous exertions on a subject of such incalculable importance *cannot be too highly extolled*, nor *too generally known*."—Critical Review.

"What Mr. Huskisson has done, he has done, on the whole, *exceedingly well*. We are disposed to give Mr. Huskisson *very great credit*, both for the *liberal and manly spirit* which prompted him to undertake the task, and which *pervades the whole performance*, and for the general *ability* with which it is executed."—Edinburgh Review.

"Mr. Huskisson's pamphlet contains, in a small compass, a *very intelligible and satisfactory* statement of the received principles of political economy bearing on the subject. His positions are in general laid down with *ability and science*. His pamphlet is *extremely well and correctly written*, and *highly calculated* to propitiate the favour of every reader of *taste*."—British Review.

"*Diffuseness of style, and prolixity in illustration*, are the circumstances most likely to attract censure."—Monthly Review.

"[Quotation.] If the reader be tired of these *puritanical speculations on prospective casuistry*, more like the *imbecile mootings of a cloistered monk*, or an *angry speculator*, than the dictates of a man of the world and an enlightened statesman," &c.

"The author commences the inquiry by what he calls a definition of the word 'money.' We cannot persuade ourselves that Mr. Huskisson has *borrowed* this definition from his *barber* or *perfumer*, *neither* can we admit its *accuracy*.—Of all these things Mr. Huskisson appears in a state of as *absolute ignorance* as if he were a vassal of the seventh century.—The author asserts, with his *usual accuracy*," &c.: "the *absurdity* of this position must be evident to every man," &c. "The subject of adverse exchanges is equally *ill-treated*.—The author appears *totally incapable* of *appreciating* the *effects* of his *opinions*, or rather of the *principles* which he supports."—Antijacobin Review.

5. Lines on the lamented Death of Sir John Moore, by E. E.

"If the memory of this brave and ill-fated officer could inspire *no better* poetry than the following, our readers will agree with us, that the author has *mispent* his *time* and *misapplied* his *talents*."—Critical Review.

"The poetry is *unaffected* and *harmonious*, and the sentiments are such as every admirer of Sir John Moore will read with *gratification* and *interest*."—Monthly Review.



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